

A New Protestant Ballad, CALLED, ENGLANDS Congratulation

For its Happy Condition under the Glorious Reign of King *William*
and Queen *Mary*.

*Now Wars, Dissentions, Want and Taxes cease,
And in their room comes Trade, and Wealth, and Peace.*

To the Tune of, *Packington's Pound.*

I.
Let *England* Rejoyce, with heart and with voice,
Let's all sing aloud, Boys, to our happy choice;
Experience convinces, we've got two such Princes,
That all former Tyranny now banisht hence is:
With thanks let us mention,
Our blessed Convention,
Which eases our Charges, and heals our Dissention:
*For now there's no danger that we should miscarry,
While Govern'd so wisely by William and Mary.*

II.
Of late bald Priests swarmed, with Popish Zeal warmed
And all Godly Protestants forely Alarmed;
With damn'd Latin Tongue, and with puffed up Lung,
(They roar'd out their *Motins* and *Vespers* so long:
Nay, so bold were they,
As to Preach and to Pray,
In our Learned City, their old silly way:
*But now neither Papist nor Forreigners tarry
Here under the Reign of William and Mary.*

III.
With such heavy Taxes the Nation did groan,
The like ne'r before nor since has been known:
The late King did take all, or so much did borrow,
He empty'd our Purfes, and fill'd us with forrow:
But now, God be praised,
Our Burthens are eased,
No more bloody Taxes are now to be raised;
*And no Subjects Property e're can miscarry,
While England is Govern'd by William and Mary.*

IV.
We had many sad thoughts and prospects before,
But now we ne'r look, nor think any more:
The *French* dare not meddle, *Scotch* Bishops are down,
The *Irish* are beaten, and all is our own:
King *Lewis* is seen
Without Money or Men,
And King *James* he is running back hither agen:
*Thus in Peace we do flourish, and nought does miscarry,
In this lucky Reign of William and Mary.*

V.
In the last Reign, alas! our Ships could not pass,
And at a low Ebb our Trading it was;
The *Exchequer* was poor, and nothing did give,
As now it does much, honest men to relieve:

Now, now, we are made,
Our Debts are all pay'd,
Our Merchants grow Rich, with a free open Trade:
*The People are steady, not one man is weary
Of the settled Reign of VWilliam and Mary.*

VI.
Our Church and our Laws, in the hands of our Foes,
Had like t'have been lost, as they did suppose;
For *Graham* and *Brent*, had an evil intent,
To change Corporations, and whole Government:
But now Bishops rare,
VVith Judges most fair,
Have brought things again to be just where they were;
*And from that, to be sure, we never shall vary,
While Church & State's Govern'd by VWilliam and Mary.*

VII.
Privy-Counsellours too, without more ado,
Are well chosen all, and wise ones are now;
They're none of King *James's*, they never do wrong,
But move all in Concord, as does this my Song:
Tho' some of them may
Not know what to say,
Yet Honestly all they will Vote the right way:
*But were they all Fools, we could not miscarry,
If Govern'd alone by VWilliam and Mary.*

VIII.
Thus all things do prosper, and special success
Does every Design of our Sovereigns bless:
Our Fleet has done Wonders, our Army the same,
And *Schomberg* has purchas'd a VVife and new Fame:
They whom *James* does Command,
Both by Sea and by Land,
Are half dead of the Rot, while ours do found stand:
*Our Princely new buildings mount up to the Sky,
To shew the firm standing of VWilliam and Mary.*

IX.
VVherefore let us all, as well great as small,
Joyn our hearts and our Purfes when ever they call;
VVhat's matter for Pelf, let it go, 'tis but Dross,
VVith them comes our wealth, and 'tis theirs to a Cross,
Let's make much of those Men,
That brought our Prince in,
Least Both he and they should forsake us agen:
*They who Grumble at this, will only miscarry,
For they shew they do love neither VWilliam nor Mary.*

FINIS.

(cir. 1690)